

HIS TOM, HER TABBY, MIXED

HERS WENT TO MONTCLAIR AND FAILED TO SURVIVE.

His, When offered, She Spurned and Sped to Court. Worthwhile Scrubwoman's Mistake at the Canine Infirmary a Cause of Anguish in Two States.

It seems that there were two cats in the household of Mr. and Mrs. Rudmon, who live at the Garfield apartments, 200 Claremont avenue, and one of them, a tabby Angora, was suffering from housemaid's knee. So the tabby's knee being lame, Miss Rudmon took her down to the New York Canine Infirmary in the Fifty-third street (you've seen the place on the elevated often), just off the avenue. And as a result this and some more matters came up yesterday in the case of the cat in the West Side court for magisterial adjudication.

More than this by many weeks O. A. Rudmon brought to the same helpful court an Angora cat of the same color as Miss Rudmon's Angora. But Mr. Rudmon's cat, Tom by name, was suffering from charleyhorse and some other trouble that looked like cirrhosis of the liver.

Every day, so Miss Rudmon told yesterday in the West Side court yesterday afternoon, she would call up either Dr. H. R. Miller or one of his intimates in the dog and cat infirmary to ask how her tabby was coming on. Always she got answer that after consulting the fever chart and things around the patient's bed there was nothing to report but progress. Intense, nurses, orderlies, assistants, all from Dr. Miller, the medical staff of the infirmary, down to the scrubwoman of the ward in which tabby resided, had only good news for Miss Rudmon.

The scrubwoman must be expected because it was the lack of thought on her part which caused the gathering of those concerned in the West Side court yesterday.

As Miss Rudmon says, she had paid \$1 down and \$3.50 a week for the last three weeks or so for treatment for the Angora and therefore the scrubwoman should have been less careless than to mix Miss Rudmon's tabby and Mr. Edwards's Tom. Miss Rudmon's tabby, despite its illness, was a big Angora, with longish brownish grayish hair. Mr. Edwards's Tom was a small Angora with shortish brownish grayish hair, but not so brownish grayish as Miss Rudmon's tabby.

One night the scrubwoman was cleaning up hurriedly about the ward. She wished to accept an invitation to go to Corse Payton's over in Brooklyn and her mind was not on her work. She had moved some of the patients while tidying up their quarters and when it came to putting them back into their respective cages she was confronted by three objects on the floor, two Angoras and her large so she put them in three cages close at hand one by one and gently.

The next day in came O. A. Edwards of Montclair and interrupted a clinic long enough to ask, with a friendly smile, whether her Angora had recovered sufficiently from the charleyhorse to be removed to Montclair.

Do you intend to carry your cat out to Montclair on the Erie? The answer, however, was satisfactory and the nurse turned over to Mr. Edwards a cage which at first sight might have been Mr. Edwards's cat, but which at any rate was an Angora cat.

"My little Tom has grown!" exclaimed Mr. Edwards, who brought him home in a box which was a little thing with short hair and a few trouble.

"We don't like to talk about ourselves," answered the nurse as he twisted a soap suds in his fingers, "but you see what treatment will do for a cat. Now your Tom is long haired and sleek and fat."

Sign here! Yesterday afternoon Miss Rudmon could stand the separation from her tabby no longer. She appeared at the canine infirmary on that day and asked whether her Angora had recovered sufficiently from the front knee lameness to be removed to the Garfield apartments in Claremont avenue. By way of answer she was brought forth a small Angora cat entirely free from the front knee lameness but otherwise unfamiliar to Miss Rudmon. In Miss Rudmon's eyes the cat not only had shrunk but the color had run. She said so and refused the small tom proffered her.

After she had gone away the hospital held a conference and remembered that Mr. Edwards of Montclair had taken away a cat a few days before that disturbed him because it was so large and so dark in color. A nurse was sent out to photograph Mr. Edwards to come to the hospital with the big tabby which had been handed over to him and get his own small tom instead. Mr. Edwards responded to the message by coming in to Vanhatten with a cat in a box which was a good cat in every way except that while coming in on the Erie it had died—some say of old age.

Miss Rudmon was summoned to the hospital, and it was explained to her there that her big tabby



had been handed over to Mr. Edwards by mistake and that the skinny cat which had refused to her and which she had named Tom, was the Angora cat which she had paid for and now is paying for it. It was the anxiety of the hospital scrubwoman to keep a date at Corse Payton's that had caused the confusion. She had put the Edwards's tiny tom in the big tabby's cage and the big tabby in the tiny tom's cage.

In her grief Miss Rudmon refused to look at her big, dead tabby, lying in state all ready for the taxidermist and a glass case in the parlor. Instead she decided that Medical Chief Miller ought to be arrested for "grand larceny."

It is now developed that Magistrate Froschi thought that inasmuch as Miss Rudmon had not seen her dead cat she ought to go to the hospital and identify the cat in order that she might be sure that the tabby really was dead.

Dr. Miller, Miss Rudmon and the lawyers acted on the suggestion and the Magistrate took up less weighty matters. And while all were away viewing the remains an amicable arrangement of some sort must have been hit upon. Because, no matter what cats will do, the litigants did not come back.

"I should like to know," asked Lawyer Brown when Miss Rudmon took the stand, "what was the sex of the cat you left at the hospital?"

"It was an Angora," answered the complainant.

"The learned counsel asks," began Magistrate Froschi.

"It was a large, long haired, brownish grayish Angora cat, a female Angora cat," was the answer.

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STAGE WOMEN ARE NOT REAL

MARY SHAW BLAMES THE PLAYWRIGHTS FOR IT.

Says the Female Characters Are Chiefly Caricatures Which the Men Authors Would Consult Actresses in Their Writing—Farce's Fun in Situations.

There is one great yearning in the heart of every actress, Mary Shaw told the Society of New York State Women yesterday afternoon at the Waldorf, and that is to have real women to personate.

"Those of us who think and feel," she said, "are so terribly weary of converting ourselves into the caricatures of our sex which the modern playwright devises for the entertainment of the public. Now the modern playwright is generally a man, and part of the time he caricatures women because he doesn't know the least degree of feminine psychology and the rest of the time he caricatures us because he thinks that people like to look at caricatures. Perhaps some stupid, shallow persons do, but I would rate the intellect of even the average man much higher than do those who undertake to provide his amusements for him."

"There! I let that word 'amusement' slip out, because it is being constantly thrust upon one in connection with the theatre. I am afraid that idea is the reason d'être of a play in the minds of too many in this country. It is but a subsidiary feature of the drama to those who have a true love for art."

Miss Shaw went on to say that the unreality of the characters women were forced to depict had developed in actresses of the present day a superficial mind and power to the exclusion of the deeper side of interpretive acting.

"How familiar to all of us," she said, "is the stage old maid with her corkscrew curls, crazy to get married; the stage society woman with her exaggerated hauteur and her affectations! I might remark here that my somewhat limited observation of society women has led me to believe that many of them are better actresses than those who impersonate them. The best acting I have seen has not been on the stage."

"I have frequently marvelled at the wonderful amount of hard labor these apparently carefree butterfly creatures put upon the acquiring of a part without being paid for it. I know that the most disinterested professional wouldn't dream of doing it."

"If only those playwrights would talk things over with actresses a while," she went on pathetically, "I am sure we could help them out in many ways. We are women ourselves, we study women all the time, and if we were forced to play Shaw and Ibsen even if no one comes to see them, we would be able to do it at once. We have a certain type of heroine which logically do in a given set of circumstances. As it is, those of us who care are forced to play Shaw and Ibsen even if no one comes to see them, and then do vaudeville turns in between times to pay for our bread and butter."

Miss Shaw paused for a moment and blushed.

"Here I have been talking away about my hobby," she resumed laughing, "and haven't even mentioned the subject assigned to me—the achievements of New York women in the dramatic profession. As a matter of fact I am afraid I have been hearing because I am unprepared."

Truth is all the charming and clever women I am constantly meeting here turn out to have been born somewhere else. I can't just this minute think of any tremendously successful actress who was born in New York, although most of them, I think, owe a large measure of their achievement to the inspiration of this great city."

Miss Shaw then said that she hoped no one would get the impression that because she resented the caricaturing of women on the stage she did not realize the possibilities of good farce.

"I thoroughly enjoy farce myself," she explained, "I believe, though, that the farce should arise from the conditions and not from a distorted conception of the characters."

Miss Shaw concluded by begging the New York State women to show their appreciation of things they liked at the play by at least clapping their hands. It encouraged the actors, she said, and helped them with their managers.

SCHOOL ORATORY CONTEST.
Competition by Speakers From the City High Schools to Be Held at Columbia.

An interscholastic oratorical contest open to students in the high schools of New York will be held at Columbia University on the evening of January 13, 1911, under the auspices of the Barnard Literary Association, a Columbia undergraduate society.

The contest on January 13 is to be the first of a series of preliminary contests to be held in the various schools under the direction of the principals, and the winners, one from each high school in the city, will meet at Columbia.

This is the first contest of its kind ever held in New York. Only students of the high school having sessions in the daytime will be eligible, according to the conditions adopted by the society. Letters announcing the contest and setting forth the regulations that must be complied with have been sent to the principals of the city high schools, and nearly all have announced that they would send representatives to the final competition.

The Earl Hall auditorium will be the scene of the finals and the speeches will be limited to five minutes. They may be on any political, social or economic subject, or on the history, literature or life of the country.

The judges will be three members of the Columbia faculty, and they will base their decision on content, delivery and literary style. The winning school will receive a large silver loving cup, while the boys who are placed first, second and third by the judges will receive respectively gold, silver and bronze medals.

TWO SISTERS IN CONCERT.
Misses Harriet and Helen Scholder Play in Mendelssohn Hall.

Harriet and Helen Scholder, two sisters by the grace of nature, gave what was called a "joint recital" at Mendelssohn Hall last night. Since Harriet Scholder plays the piano and her little sister Helen on the cello there is no special reason why this should not go down in the annals of local music as a concert. These two sisters used to be juvenile prodigies.

Harriet has got over it, but Helen is not more than convalescent. Harriet was ambitious last night and played all of the thirty-two variations in C minor of Beethoven and Schumann's great C major fantasia.

Little Helen dallied with the symphonic variations of Mr. Boellman. As she played them they were considerable variations, not only of the theme but sometimes of the pitch. Little Helen ought to be allowed to recover completely from being a juvenile prodigy, and then if she can play cello grown up fashion she might be heard again. As for Harriet, she has passed beyond the prodigy stage, but she certainly has not matured.

HARVARD SUMMER SCHOOL OF ART IN LONDON.
CAMBRIDGE, MASS., Dec. 1.—Announcement is made by the Harvard summer school authorities of a course in fine arts to be given in London next summer on Turner and the Landscape Painters of His Time. This time will be an innovation. It will begin on July 5 and end on August 15. It will be open to women as well as men. Prof. Arthur Pope, Harvard, '01, will conduct the course.

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THE GREATER "PINAFORE."
"Il Trovatore" Thoughtfully Considered at the Metropolitan Opera House.

At the Metropolitan Opera House last night "Il Trovatore," an opera in several acts, by Giuseppe Verdi, was performed. Mr. Verdi, who formerly lived in Italy, was a composer of no small distinction. He wrote also "Rigoletto" and "La Traviata," both of which have been produced at the Metropolitan in the current season with great success. It is generally conceded that only two or three persons in the world can correctly recount the plot of "Il Trovatore," and it is also supposed that one W. S. Gilbert, an unruly London retailer of small wit, had this sublime masterpiece in mind when he put into the plot of "H. M. S. Pinafore" the incident to which Madame Buttercup refers when she sings:

I mixed those children up
And not a creature knew it.

It is also said that, incited by the camorra or some other sinister institution, many Italian organ grinders attire their monkeys in costumes similar to that worn by the unfortunate Count di Luna, one of the characters in the opera, who, owing to the fact of his having a baryton voice, was unsuccessful in love. This custom of organ grinders is deprecated by cultivated Italians, who equally condemn the practice of playing the melodies of the opera on street pianos and trimming them with chromatic scales entirely foreign to their musical character.

Owing to the fact that the opera is intensely Italian it is customary to secure singers of other nations to interpret it, possibly because Italian singers might be overcome by their emotions. Last night's cast, for example, was nationally disposed as follows: Leonora, Mme. Rappold, nationality Brooklyn; Azucena, Mme. Hoser, nationality Pittsburgh; Manrico, Leo Slezak, nationality Czech; Count di Luna, Pasquale Amato, nationality Italian. The conductor was also Italian and the conducting still more so.

It may be added that the principal business of Manrico in this notable opera is to brandish a sword and tell what he is going to do to people who are burning his mother alive. He carries some time in order to tell this in full and it is at this time that he sings a high C. This remarkable note is also sung by Rudolph in Act I of "La Bohème," frequently by Alfredo in Act I of "La Traviata," and sometimes by Faust in his own garden scene, but as it has never been officially tagged in these places it usually passes unwept and unwhimpered even though not unnoted. But in "Il Trovatore" it is the public habit to ask of the tenor only high notes, and so his C is reemphasized with the peculiar turn of a triumph of ascent.

Mr. Slezak, he said, therefore, was a completely successful Manrico. His high C was acclaimed and he was vociferously recalled.

This important event of the evening having been duly noted, it remains only to be said that the others, who also sang, did their best to provide a proper and effective atmosphere for the floating of the high C and that their efforts met with cordial commendation from the C connoisseurs who were present in goodly numbers, but not quite so goodly as they would have been had not a cruel fire department robbed them of their ancient privileges.

Later it was officially intimated that Mr. Slezak was indisposed and that he sang only to oblige the impresario. It was unofficially intimated that he did not sing a high C, but another note a quarter of an inch lower.

Mrs. Lathrop's Song Recital.
Mrs. Benjamin Lathrop gave a song recital at Mendelssohn Hall yesterday afternoon. This soprano has an extremely light and fragile voice of really pretty quality, but it must be confessed that she is sometimes overambitious in her undertakings. This was particularly forth the recitation that must be complied with have been sent to the principals of the city high schools, and nearly all have announced that they would send representatives to the final competition.

The Earl Hall auditorium will be the scene of the finals and the speeches will be limited to five minutes. They may be on any political, social or economic subject, or on the history, literature or life of the country.

The judges will be three members of the Columbia faculty, and they will base their decision on content, delivery and literary style. The winning school will receive a large silver loving cup, while the boys who are placed first, second and third by the judges will receive respectively gold, silver and bronze medals.

THE RUSSIAN SYMPHONISTS.
Kathleen Parlow, Canadian Violinist, Makes Her Appearance.

The Russian Symphony Society gave the second of its series of winter concerts last night at Carnegie Hall when the orchestra and its leader, Modest Altschuler, presented, as is customary at these concerts, a programme of modern Russian music. It was also the occasion for the first appearance in New York of Kathleen Parlow, who was the soloist, and she played the Tchaikovsky violin concerto. The opening orchestral number was Tchaikovsky's first symphony in G minor, and now played for the first time on a programme of this society. The composer gave titles to the first two movements: "Reverie of a Winter Journey" and "Severe and Foggy Climes." Mr. Altschuler has given the names "At the Hearth" and "Pleasant Life" to the last two movements.

The musical interest in this unpretentious work is chiefly biographical, in showing the logical development of Tchaikovsky's genius, which finally led him to write his famous fifth and sixth symphonies.

Miss Parlow is a young Canadian violinist who has studied in Russia with the teacher of Misha Elman, Leopold Auer, and she has been heard favorably in public both in Russia and in some other parts of northern Europe. In her performance of the familiar violin concerto last evening she achieved a success with her auditors, much of which she undoubtedly deserved. She disclosed fundamental qualities of interpretation that went beyond her youthful appearance, for she played not only with understanding and musical feeling, but in a good style, free of mannerisms.

Her finger technique is by no means perfect, but generally good. Her tone is excellent in breadth and sonority, her bowing is good and free, while a roughness and inaccuracy of pitch, at times obvious, may have been due to the nervousness of a first appearance. All in all she has an unmistakable talent which may develop into that of a very high order.

There were several lesser orchestral numbers, among which was a novelty entitled "Fireworks," this was an extraordinary descriptive piece of orchestral music by a new composer, by name Napravnik, and for the rendering of which it was previously announced, some unusual instruments of percussion would be used. Later day composers seem to have a leaning toward these imps of sound, frequently writing for such and calling them new, varied or unusual, but just what they all are and what their use has not yet been made evident.

The programme concluded with two "Caucasian Sketches" by Ippolitow-Ivanow.

Order of Arrest for Frederick Bond.
Supreme Court Justice Seabury signed an order of arrest yesterday for Frederick Bond, the actor, of "The Girl in the Taxi" company, for the non-payment of \$484 alimony to his wife, Caroline Bond. The actor later notified counsel for Mrs. Bond that he would pay up in preference to going to Ludlow street jail.

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